

bringing the varied tribute, not only of our own Mississippi, but also those of its most distant or mighty vassal-streams—the sugar produced in our most southern settlements—the cotton gathered, where the Washita slowly meanders its silver waters, and that grown on the banks of the Red river—a stream of the second grade only among the tributaries, and yet watering a space of fertile land of greater extent than the distance that separates the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the mouth of the Thames; the mineral wealth, the lead and copper of Missouri—the grain, the cattle, the full blooded horse and sturdy mule, bred by Kentucky—the fossil coal, the fruit, the manufactured and agricultural produce of Ohio—the machinery wrought at Pittsburgh and at Wheeling—the iron and flour of Pennsylvania—the cotton, the other yields of toilsome and warlike Tennessee—and all the produce, the early tribute of the precocious opulence of young Arkansas! Nor has this impulse, stopped short, expending its energies in the capital: it went strong and vivifying from the centre to the extremities. Commerce, favored by canals, has extended its enterprise where it had never before shown a sail or sent a steamer.—Railroads have opened new facilities for the ready transportation of produce; and our lakes, which once severed us from the plains of Attakapas—the rich prairies of Opelousas—the cotton growing settlements of St. Tammany, of Feliciana, serve now to bring us nearer to them, for all the purposes of trade and social intercourse. This is not all; you have nobly sustained the renown you obtained in the memorable campaign of Orleans. Bear with me a while longer, as I relate to you how this was told me. On my way from South Carolina to Georgia, I met, in a steam-car, Col. Gadsden, an old friend, an aid of Jackson in the second Seminole war, and the Quarter Master General in the last expedition in Florida. He spoke to me of the trials, the difficulties of that war, against an enemy who ever recedes before him that advances, and as promptly closes on the adversary who stops or retreats: “Your State sent us,” I give you his own words, “a fine brigade, headed by General Smith; you must know him, a lawyer from Orleans; a daring and intelligent officer. I never saw finer men than those whom he commanded. Always ready, never tired; never expressing discontent, except that the “enemy would not give them a fair chance for a fight.” Need I say what were my feelings in hearing this tribute paid to the valor of my countrymen?

In listening to an orator, especially if he be animated by strong feelings, we are not conscious of time; we know not